

MAGAZINE FEATURES

THE NEWS SCIMITAR

DAILY COMIC PAGE

UNCLE WIGGLY AND THE DIPPY DUCK.

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BY HOWARD R. GARIS.

"Tap! Tap! Tap!" came a knock on the door of Uncle Wiggly's hollow stump bungalow one morning. "Tap! Tap! Tap! Tap! Tap!" came the sound of the door being opened.

"Who's there?" asked the bunny rabbit gentleman.

"I'm Jimmy Whistlebuckle, the duck boy," was the answer.

"Oh, come right in, Jimmy," called Uncle Wiggly, as he got up from where he was taking his comfort in an easy chair.

"Come right in, is anyone ill at your house?" asked Mr. Longears.

"Did you come to have me go for Dr. Possum in my airship?"

"Oh, no! We're all well at our house," quacked Jimmy.

"If you didn't want to come over to see Dippy?"

"See Dippy? Is that a new kind of meal pudding, with small sauce on it?"

"No, mother, it's making!" asked Uncle Wiggly with a laugh.

"Oh, no! Jimmy quacked and laughed at the same time.

"Well, who is Dippy, or what is it?" asked Uncle Wiggly.

"Oh, Dippy is a duck," was the answer.

"But he is quite a different duck from either of his sisters, Lulu or Alice, and he's even different from me. He's a very queer duck."

"Well, if his name is Dippy I should say he was queer," spoke Uncle Wiggly.

"Why is he called that?"

"If you come over and watch him swim you'll soon see why he is called Dippy," spoke Jimmy.

"Can't you hop over to our house, Uncle Wiggly?"

"I want you to meet my cousin Dippy. He just flew in from the country yesterday and I've been telling him about you. He wants to see you, but he doesn't fly very well, and so he doesn't go far from the water. He's a fine swimmer, though. Can't you come over?"

"Why, yes, I think I might hop over this afternoon," spoke the bunny rabbit gentleman.

"Just now I am staying in with my Grandfather Goosey Gander. As soon as he comes to play a game of Scotch checkers with me I'll hop over to your house."

"Thank you," quacked Jimmy. "Dippy and I will be waiting for you."

"All right," answered the bunny. And as Jimmy Whistlebuckle waddled away, the rabbit gentleman said to himself, "I wonder why Dippy has such a funny name?"

Well, he was soon to find out, as they say in story books.

A little while after that Grandpa Goosey came over to the hollow stump bungalow, and then when he and Uncle Wiggly had played a number of games of Scotch checkers, the bunny rabbit was ready to go see Dippy, the friend of Jimmy Whistlebuckle.

Uncle Wiggly was hopping through the woods, wondering what sort of a cousin Dippy was when, just as he was about to hop over to a pond, a small bunny rabbit gentleman came to a

little lake in the middle of the woods. He heard a rustling in the bushes and out popped the bad old fox.

"Oh, ho! Oh, ho!" barked the fox. "You can't get away from me, Mr. Longears, by whanging me on the head with a see-saw teeter-tatter. I have caught you!" and he grabbed the bunny by the ears.

"Yes, I guess you have caught me," said Uncle Wiggly, sadly enough.

"Where are you going?" asked the fox.

"Over to Jimmy Whistlebuckle's to see his cousin Dippy," exclaimed the bunny. "Please let me go!"

"No!" barked the fox, just like a dog. "I will not let you go!"

"And he was just going to drag the bunny off to a den in the woods, when a new voice quacked:

"You can't catch me! You can't catch me! It's easy for you to catch Uncle Wiggly, but you can't catch me!"

"Who are you?" asked the fox, looking all around. "Where are you?"

"Here I am, out here," was the reply. "See if you can get me. And then, as he swam as good as any dog, into the lake the fox jumped and away he paddled after the duck. Faster and faster went the fox, but faster and faster went the little duck.

"Now I have you!" suddenly cried the fox, as he made a grab. "I'll have you as fast as a rabbit souper for supper!"

But just as he thought he had the duck, it dived down under water, just like a fish, and the fox was so surprised that he went under water and he snuffed some of it and swallowed some and he choked and coughed and spluttered until he was all ker-flumfled.

But the little duck swam down below the waves and swam under water, coming up close to shore where Uncle Wiggly was standing.

"Run along to Jimmy's house, Mr. Longears," said the little duck. The fox is so full of water he can't chase you. I'll meet you there."

"I'm the Dippy Duck," was the answer. "They call me that because I dip down and dive under water whenever I see danger, and I saw some just now when the fox was after me." Then the Dippy Duck went under water again and swam beneath the waves to Jimmy's house. And Uncle Wiggly hopped along and had a good time with the Dippy Duck and the others.

As for the fox, he was so full of water he could hardly swim back to shore, and he didn't get any rabbit souper that day, nor the Dippy Duck, either. But if he saw a strawberry lemonade doesn't catch cold, when it takes the ice cream cone out for a walk on a Saturday school picnic, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggly and the paper boat.

Mrs. Wilson Woodrow's Article

BY MRS. WILSON WOODROW.

The world-famous writer on vital subjects.

There are certain topics which are invariably discussed among groups of young people. The time-worn question is certain to come up, "Which would you rather be, an old man's darling or a young man's slave?" And since youth seeks youth, the answer is usually, "I would rather be a young man's darling."

However, I have had a letter from a girl whose preferences seem to run in the opposite direction.

"Dear Mrs. Woodrow," she writes: "For the last year a gentleman who is about 29 years my senior has been calling at my home as a friend of the family. He is a widower with four children, the eldest and the youngest two. I love these children and I feel sure that my attachment to them is returned. The father has noticed my affection for them, and has taken a great interest in me."

"He has told me that he loves me, and that I alone can be a mother to the children and give them a good bringing up. I, in turn, feel a great deal of this man. He is well-to-do, and can give me all my heart's desires. He has not many girls, but they seem willing to make his sacrifice, if I can only make him happy."

"My mother does not object to my marriage to him, as she thinks he will make as good a husband as he has already proven himself a father."

"So you think it would be right for me to marry this man who is so much older than myself? Any advice you may give me will be accepted with much gratitude."

"A TROUBLED GIRL."

As she says, the question of age is the sole barrier. I do not think she has much to worry about. If the case were reversed, and he was 20 and she 40, she might well pause and give the matter a good many seconds, and even third thoughts. But what is a mere matter of 20 years on the right side between two people who have common tastes and care a great deal about each other? A man at 40 is far from old, and some girls at 20 are more mature and settled than their years warrant. "A Troubled Girl" may be one of these.

The man or woman who created that sentence, "Marriage is not to be entered into lightly but soberly, advisedly and in the face of God," the whole much-discussed question in a nutshell and probably spoke from the depths of experience.

A woman when she achieves marriage—or has it thrust upon her—usually looks forward to motherhood; frequently she undertakes step-motherhood. In the latter case she is not facing new responsibilities; they are there ready-made for her. Whether she is a single or in one of the most difficult of husbands.

When I cry unto Thee, then shall mine enemies turn back.—Psalm lvi.

But it must be a real "cry." It must not be an idle recitation which sheds no blood. It must be a cry like the cry of the drowning, a cry which cleaves the air like a bullet. Said a man to me some while ago: "Assault the heavens with cries for me!" That is the cry which takes the kingdom by storm.

When such a cry rends the heavens "my enemies turn back." A secret and irresistible artillery begins to play upon them, and their strength falls. Yes, believing prayer can use invisible allies into the field. "The mountains are full of horses and chariots, of fire round about!" And the enemy flees!

"I know." The psalmist is building upon experience. The miracle has happened a hundred times. Many a morning has he seen the enemy vanquished, triumphantly tramping the field, and he has cited unto the Lord and before him all that has been a perfect rout. Blessed is the man who has had such heartening dealings with the Lord that he can now face a hostile host in unclouded faith and assurance. H. J. Jowett.

"Sunlight and shade; rich gold that dials to gray."

The fairest summer morn, radiant with light, succeeded by the gloomiest winter night.

So runs the tale of life from day to day. And no man knows when, ranked in close array.

The thick black clouds will hide the sun from sight.

And darkness that has been glad and bright, And make life for a while a shadowed way.

Mid sun and shadow, happiness and woe.

The years roll on, each bringing its due share Of pure, untruffled joy and stormy care.

And yet, if men will only have it so, The dark days will be short, and every

Will have his long fair summer day of sun, Ohio.

A revelation of Christ by the spirit to our souls must precede our being filled by Christ with the spirit.—D. W. Whittle.

YOUNG LADY ACROSS THE WAY

(Copyright, 1912, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

The young lady across the way says she tells her father it is as if the league of nations covenant couldn't be amended from time to time and they've amended taken out search and seizure and may put back 25 per cent. bear yet.

AND THE Winters went by.

AND AFTER a while.

SHE BECAME a young lady.

AND WAS very grand.

EXCEPT FOR the fact.

SHE WAS so stubborn.

AND WHILE of course.

SHE HAD long since ceased.

TO LIE on her stomach.

AND KICK the floor.

SHE STILL found means.

OF VENTING her wrath.

WHEN HER temper rose.

TO THE boiling point.

AND IF you had lived.

IN THE same little town.

WHERE THIS girl lived.

YOU'D HEAR her say:

"SHE'D BE perfectly grand."

"IF SHE wasn't so stubborn."

AND THE Summers went by.

THERE WAS born a girl.

AND FOR a few years.

SHE WAS a little girl.

AND SHE WAS all right.

EXCEPT SHE was stubborn.

AND IT always seemed.

THAT JUST the very minute.

SHE'D MAKE the discovery.

THAT THERE was something.

THAT AN older person.

WOULD LIKE her to do.

SHE'D MAKE up her mind.

THAT SHE wouldn't do it.

AND LOTS of times.

SHE'D FIGHT with her hands.

AND LIE right on her stomach.

AND KICK the floor.

AND CRY something awful.

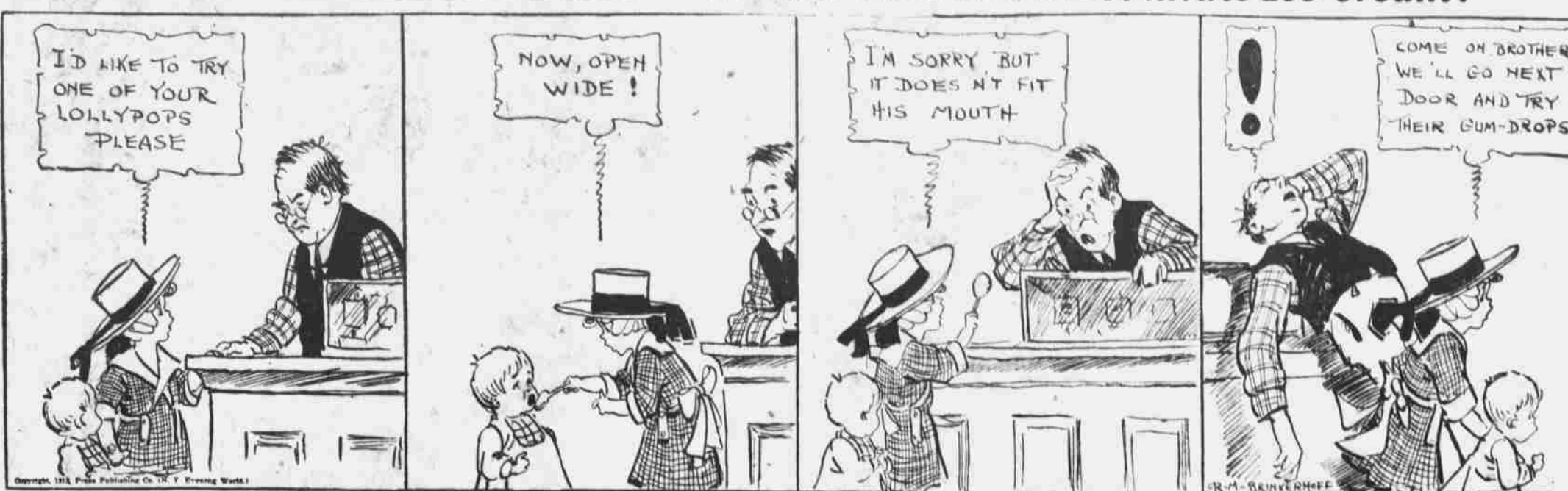
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Bringing Up Father—By George McManus

(Copyright, 1912, by International News Service.)



LITTLE MARY MIXUP—Wonder How She'd Estimate Ice Cream?



THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY—So She Could Hold Him to It Later, Eh?



JOE'S CAR—How Joe Spent His Two Weeks' Vacation



Just a Moment

DAILY STRENGTH AND CHEER.

Compiled by John G. Guinness, the Sunshine Man.

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